

QUID NOVI

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"Please say you grade
lawyers on a curve."

QUID NOVI

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EDITORIAL

by Cassandra Brown (Law III)
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Last week the McGill students who had been on exchange at Sciences Po last semester met with the faculty to debrief, to exchange ideas and to discuss the future of this exchange. Although I was unfortunately not able to make this meeting, I appreciated the fact that McGill was actively solititing our contributions. The fact that they wanted to use our experiences in order to improve the future experiences of other McGill students led me to think that perhaps the faculty's suggestion that students plan their exchanges so that they will have at least one semester at McGill after the exchange to "bring something back", is more well-founded than I had originally given it credit for. Perhaps, I thought, it *is* the responsibility of former exchange students to seek out small ways (or large ways, if they can think of any!) in which they can use their experience to enrich student life at the faculty and community life in general.

Over the weekend, I spent some time pondering about what I would most like to tell people about law, students and school in Paris if I had the chance. My most immediate thought was to encourage all students to consider going somewhere - anywhere. I definitely had the same doubts that I have heard

many students express to me since returning - I was worried because I had never lived abroad, worried because I was leaving behind my family, friends and boyfriend, and worried that it would be ridiculously expensive. Well, I *did* run into many bureaucratic snags that routinely (and even not so routinely) befall neophyte expatriots, I *was* lonely many times and despite our best attempts to live like the frugal student life, it *was* pretty expensive. However, none of those concerns would cause me to hesitate for even a moment to recommend the experience.

Second, there were a few interesting policies and programs at my host university, Sciences Po, which I thought that McGill students should know about. My favorite was the policy that it is mandatory for full time Sciences Po students (not exchange students) to take two language classes in every semester, in addition to the normal five classes. Every major world language is offered. In my opinion, it is *pas de tout étonnant* that Sciences Po students easily find internships in every corner of the globe, or that they are so renowned for their worldliness.

Of course everyone complains about the infamous policy that attendance is taken in every class, and that four We Students?

absences means an automatic fail in any class; however, I admit that there are benefits to it - including the fact that it probably forced me to learn more than I otherwise would have. Another requirement of the program is that students must spend third year abroad. Like the other Sciences Po policies here it would be impractical for McGill - but it is still a great idea in its own context. Finally, the only place to eat on campus is at a CROUS cafeteria, a state-subsidized cafeteria for students. A meal (which includes appetizer/fruit, main course and dessert) costs 2.80E; in a land where the standard price for black coffee is 4E, this is quite a good deal for students.

Of course there are too many other particularities to mention here, and I am already reducing the font of this editorial to 8 pt font to fit it on this page, but you can talk to us (the Sciences Po exchange students) if you want to know about them. To other students who have been on exchange, I encourage you to write about your own experiences or to at least continue sharing them with your friends. Perhaps by doing so you will be giving back exactly what the faculty intended, and indirectly influencing the lives of those closest to you as well!

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Contributions should preferably be submitted as a .doc attachment.

PROFILES IN LAW:

BEVERLEY MCLACHLIN

by Alex Herman, Law III

It may be difficult when you're wading through a decision on swingers' clubs or security certificates to step back and wonder about the individual who wrote that decision. I don't mean whether the jurist is a liberal, conservative, libertarian or originalist; but rather what kind of person they are. Where are they from? Are they married? What hobbies do they have? In discovering the human being behind the judgment we can better understand how law can be incorporated into our own lives, whether as Crown attorneys or lowly articling students.

I would like to bring a certain personality to your attention. She is certainly well known in the august halls of our faculty. As many know, she will be speaking in the Moot Court at 12:30 on Wednesday, February 6. Having accepted an invitation from McGill's Canadian Constitutional Club, she will be addressing the

faculty on the issues of bilingualism and biculturalism in the Supreme Court of Canada. Yes, I'm talking about McLachlin CJ.

McLachlin was born Beverley Gietz in Pincher Creek, Alberta, a town nestled between the foothills of the Rockies and the US border. The community, as she explains, included a diverse mixture of cultural groups and social classes, but was small enough to allow for the interaction between those of different backgrounds. Her father, who owned a ranch on the outskirts of town, became known as a defender of the civil liberties of local minority groups like the Hutterites. In the Pincher Creek of McLachlin's youth, we catch a glimpse of the genesis of her legal theories, ones that would come to the fore years later when she became a judge.

When she went up to Edmonton to begin her studies at the University of Alberta, McLach-

lin was torn between three pursuits. First, she considered being a writer. Many years earlier, her mother had sought a similar course, but eventually became overtaken with work on the ranch and the job of raising a family. With the idea of fulfilling that dream, she became involved as a journalist, working at the university's Gateway paper throughout the school year and during the summer.

Her undergraduate interests led her towards the study of philosophy. Fascinated by the work of the Ancient Greeks, she considered a future as an academic in the philosophy department. Eventually, though, she discovered law. She still sees the two disciplines as interlinked: law can be found in Socrates, in Plato, and follows the development of western philosophy into the modern age. Everyone needs a philosophy of life, she says. Even if you're a mother, you need a philosophy on being a good mother.

In the end, though, a law degree proved more practical. It was more hands on. She also completed a masters in law: her thesis was on the Hart/Fuller debate on law and morality.

In her final year, she applied for a job at an Edmonton firm. Not having heard back several weeks after her interview, she got worried and called them up. "Of course you're hired," one of the associates said. "We just haven't gotten around to calling you yet." Though the recruitment process has since become so regimented that law students rarely encounter such insouciance, the lesson remains universal: at times, you need to bug people to get what you want.

After practicing in Edmonton, she eventually followed her first husband to Vancouver and began working at a larger firm. Several years later, she began teaching at the University of British Columbia and rediscovered her interest in the academic side of law. A professor for six years, she never went back to practicing before her

appointment to Vancouver's County Court in 1981.

The speed of her rise through the judiciary – B.C. Court of Appeal in 1985, Chief Justice of the B.C. Supreme Court in 1988, Supreme Court of Canada in 1989, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court in 2000 – has caused some to claim, perhaps unfairly, that she moved up faster than most cases. The truth is that she has always been ambitious, as well as intellectually-com-

mitted. Her life in the law has also been balanced with other pursuits. In Vancouver, she and her husband would spend their weekends on the Golf Islands. Her love of reading has also continued. Though becoming something of an accomplished writer in her judgments (see especially the language in *R. v. Charkaoui*), she may never become the novelist of her young dreams. But stories and ideas – non-legal ideas, that is – are still very important: she always keeps a pile of good

fiction on her bedside table.

Whether finding her story interesting or merely incidental, you are likely wondering (having an adept legal mind) where some of this information comes from. Two years ago, I had the benefit of interviewing McLachlin at the Supreme Court in Ottawa for a project I had begun with two friends of mine. The project has continued and, in April, when *Kickstart: How Successful Canadians Got*

Started is published, will be completed. The book, which will present the fruit of over fifty interviews conducted over the last three years, is intended to present the lessons of well-known Canadians to young people everywhere. Since many of those with legal backgrounds have especially interesting stories – such as Eddie Greenspan and David Shore – I plan on presenting them in the next two months in the pages of the *Quid Novi*. Stay tuned.

ARRR WE PIRATES... OR ARE WE STUDENTS?

by Fair Music McGill

Maybe it all started with Napster. We realized we could get songs for free instead of paying \$20 for an album with only one song we liked. And it was easy. Type the name of the artist you want in the box, and get the music you want within minutes, if not seconds. It's been like that for a while now.

But it's not perfect. Sometimes I can't find the song I'm looking for, or sometimes the quality is all messed up. A lot of artists

complain they aren't getting paid.

But what are the alternatives for a student like myself? I walk by a record store and I wonder... does anyone actually pay for this? Why do these places even exist anymore? I guess at one point it was a viable business. But I can't even remember the last time I bought music the same way I buy cereal.

I think about this stuff sometimes while I freely download from Kazaa. I mean, I got

paid for my summer job last year, but how are the guys I rock out to paying their bills? Are they really going to be able to put out that next album when the best way to get their tunes is through free downloading and sharing? I suppose I could use iTunes, but if I paid one dollar for every song I wanted, I'd have to be a millionaire.

What's even more confusing is that students in China can access all the music and movies they want through their university, and it's all

legit. Wizard! So why isn't our university trying anything like that?

One of the reasons I came to McGill is because I heard it was on the cutting edge in business, music, and technology. I don't quite get that in my classes, but I have noticed other interesting avenues for exploring these issues. It turns out there's a group on campus actually thinking about this stuff, and I even spent some time on their Facebook group called "Fair Music McGill". What do you guys think? Could McGill bring us music, movies, and TV shows, or is the solution something completely different?

MORTE, LA SOUVERAINETÉ?

by Hugues Doré Bergeron (Law I)

Pour les organisateurs, c'était hautement réjouissant de voir la salle 200 du Chancellor Day Hall pleine à craquer, à 13hrs mercredi dernier. Plusieurs facteurs justifiaient cette joie.

Il y avait premièrement le fait que la conférence donnée par Jean-François Lisée, qui avait pour thème « pourquoi la souveraineté du Québec est probable », se tenait en même temps que deux autres événements importants; le « townhall » du doyen ainsi que la foire de Common Law.

Deuxièmement, il y avait le fait que la conférence organisée le vendredi précédent, dans le cadre de la même Francofête, avec le commissaire aux langues officielles du Canada, M. Graham Fraser, avait attiré somme toute une quantité limitée de personnes. On craignait que la même chose ne se produise à ce moment-ci.

Finalement, il y avait le fait qu'on présente, depuis déjà un bon bout

de temps, la souveraineté comme une question qui n'intéresse plus. Lorsqu'on en parle, on voit toujours une ou deux personnes lever les yeux au ciel de manière condescendante, celles pour qui aborder ce sujet relève de l'anachronisme. « C'est un débat mort », disent-elles. Morte, la souveraineté? Un tel nombre de participants à la conférence de mercredi dernier, lorsqu'on considère les facteurs mentionnés ci-haut, nous mène plutôt à la conclusion opposée!

L'exposé de M. Lisée, ponctué de statistiques récentes et fiables, amena tranquillement l'audience à comprendre pourquoi cet intellectuel souverainiste croit que, considérant les circonstances économiques, démographiques et politiques actuelles, la souveraineté est probable dans un avenir pas si lointain.

Je suis parfaitement au courant de mon statut minoritaire en tant que souverainiste à McGill. Depuis plus de deux ans déjà, je fais partie d'un groupe non-lié aux partis politiques, l'Action in-

dépendantiste (organisateur de la conférence), dont les membres tentent d'aborder la question avec les étudiants mcgillois, afin de les sensibiliser, les informer, donner de la visibilité au mouvement, débattre... Bref, je sais très bien que je pourrais m'engager à expliquer pourquoi je suis d'accord avec l'analyse que M. Lisée a faite mercredi. Toutefois, mes collègues, fédéralistes pour la plupart, demeureraient sceptiques. Je m'engagerai donc sur un constat qui devrait, selon moi, faire consensus.

Ce qui m'apparaît indéniable, et que la conférence de M. Lisée confirmait d'une certaine manière, c'est qu'il existe un problème à l'intérieur du Canada. Depuis 1980, comme le conférencier l'a souligné mercredi, la moyenne annuelle du niveau d'appui à la souveraineté au Québec n'a jamais été plus basse que 41%. En contrepartie, la motion reconnaissant la nation québécoise proposée par le gouvernement Harper a été décriée par 77% de la popula-

tion canadienne hors-Québec. Bref, on a d'un côté un groupe dont au minimum (car les pourcentages varient) 41% des membres sont suffisamment insatisfaits de la situation actuelle pour quitter le pays, et d'un autre côté un groupe dont 77% des membres croient que reconnaître le Québec comme une nation est une concession trop importante. Pas besoin d'être mathématicien pour comprendre qu'il existe un désaccord, que je qualifierais (modérément pour les besoins de la cause) de difficilement réconciliable.

Cela ne signifie pas, évidemment, que la souveraineté est la seule manière de régler le désaccord. Libre aux fédéralistes de proposer d'autres solutions à ce problème, d'autant plus qu'ils ont un interlocuteur fédéraliste à Québec présentement. Mais une chose, comme l'a si bien démontré M. Lisée lors de sa conférence, demeure cependant certaine : ceux qui croient la souveraineté chose du passé devraient réévaluer la situation. Morte, la souveraineté? Permettez-moi d'en douter!

CARSWELL'S AFFAIR

by Stefan Szpajda

It had been an almost perfect night in a very imperfect city. Short of a full-fledged marching band (a partially-fledged string quartet, consisting of three members, was the best that he could do), James Carswell had provided all the amenities the most discerning guest could expect from a host of his repute.

Live salmon was smoked on-site by an energetic, though sometimes unsettlingly so, Laplander. A hazelnut spouting fountain made entirely of hand-carved marble cheese took its place next to an array of wonders which included, but were not limited to, the complete works of Franklin W. Dixon (Old Norse translation), a stuffed fetal moose, and dozens of carefully arranged copies of Spinoza for Dummies. That he managed to scrounge all this up in Saskatoon made his feat all the more remarkable.

Two things went wrong. First, no one showed up. Second, Mr. Carswell was neatly murdered, his body ironed, pressed, and folded

with all the care and expertise of a Chinese laundryman. Next to his body lay the foundations of a letter, addressed to "Lauralei" with some barely legible – and seemingly Greco-Roman – reference to coitus. The murderer, electing asphyxiation as his means, threw a bone to the clean-up crew with his meticulousness, a point not lost on the men.

Upon finding the corpse, the authorities were baffled by the juxtaposition of wealth, death, and fashionable wallpaper. The more philosophical among them reached for their pads and scribbled pensés they thought might impress their similarly disposed colleagues. Much was made of the observation that money cannot, or so it appeared, buy happiness, and the consequences thereof.

The tragic circumstances were not eased when it was revealed that the host-victim had died shortly after learning that his party was, for all intents and purposes, a gargantuan flop. His last written

words, a memo scribbled hurriedly to the chef, heroically beckoned him to continue with the main course, even as the appetizers sat uneaten. From what little can be distilled from police reports, his death came sometime after the gazpacho, but shortly before the suckling pig (ostensibly in the Chilean style, but spiked with a controversial Cuban twist – apparently a trademark of the Chef).

The investigation began swiftly. The butler was quickly apprehended, as statistically he was the most likely to have committed the crime. His shirt, pristine as it was, echoed Mr. Carswell's corpse, while his hands, stained in blood, hinted at the ghastly deed. It turned out, however, that Harrison was merely an avid golfer with a lustful appetite for strawberries. The former fact was perfectly unimportant, while the latter explained his blotchy hands. He was released without further questioning and promptly instructed to mind the door – a task to which he took with much gusto.

The chef was the next man to be interrogated. Chef Boris Lapierre,

who barely knew his employer, was reportedly inconsolable following the order to continue cooking. The thought that his creations would either be thrown away or wasted on the unrefined tastes of homeless beneficiaries was simply too much to bear. His more stoic sous-chef is said to have taken command after a brief round of violence, during which his superior left with a large knife, swearing to reap "sweet, sweet, revenge." This naturally struck the authorities as noteworthy. The chef's alibi, that he used the knife to chop up a particularly large sugar beet in order to sabotage the chocolate mousse, was however confirmed by way of a taste test and testimony from his accomplice, a disgruntled busboy with a hitherto unknown mischievous streak. Undaunted, the investigators moved on through each employee at the estate, and despite some loose interpretations of constitutionally sanctioned rights, failed to make any headway whatsoever.

What could they expect to find? A party bereft of guests does not a hive of clues provide! Forced by circumstance to deceive, beat, and

falsely imprison an array of innocent bystanders, the authorities risked jeopardizing the one thing they sought always to protect: their jobs. Fortunately, at just the right moment of despair, Detective Korlovsky was called in to clean things up.

But alas, he was unable to clean things up. Yet through a much more efficient hybrid of brutality and innovation, he achieved some modest advances, whilst reducing carbon emissions and increasing his own sense of self-importance. His first task, to solve the money-happiness debate (which continued to rage on staff), was made possible by a study he commissioned upon his arrival. It was found that while money cannot buy happiness, a well-managed and diverse stock portfolio can help reduce signs of depression in lab rats. From there, it was extrapolated that while Mr. Carswell could not have succeeded in buying happiness, he most certainly had earned Air Miles on the majority of his worldly possessions.

The next order of business, solving the crime, proved somewhat more taxing. Let us briefly summarize the facts, as we know them, so far.

James Carswell, a prominent bon vivant from Saskatoon's upscale confectionary district, throws a party which nobody attends. Moments before being murdered, he realizes his party has failed to arouse any interest and begins to pen a letter to a mysterious "Lauralei". Hold it there! Who's Lauralei, and why did the poor old man think of her in his final moment of despondency? And why did Detective Constable Lieutenant Sergeant Colonel Captain Private McLeery overlook this conspicuous bit of evidence when he headed the investigation? We must prod, prod, and prod again.

Fast forward to the present. A suspect is jailed. But how did Korlovsky take us here? Follow his trail of brilliance closely. Employing his personal brand of unorthodoxy, the postmodern gumshoe invited an interior decorator and psychoanalyst to prepare a report detailing Carswell's state of mind as he readied his house for the doomed event. What did the large red drapes tell us about his state of mind shortly before his death? More importantly, what did the pinkish hue of the restraining order he was

in the process of filling against one Lauralei P. Hecht reveal about his childhood? The report, itself a milestone in erudite academic lucidity, was but the first in a series of Korlovsky's brilliant maneuvers.

Scanning the society pages of the Saskatoon StarPhoenix, Korlovsky and his team noticed a salient typographical error: "Carswell's Affair – 1303 Buckwold Boulevard 21 January 7:00pm." So read the pithy advertisement, one week before the fated night. The address, however, was not Mr. Carswell's, but rather that of his neighbour, Lauralei P. Hecht. Korlovsky moved in.

A gracious host, she shared wine with her guest (albeit in comically small glasses, as though to mock him subtly through metaphor) and endured his questions with poise and dignity. Was she invited to the party? Was it she who placed the advertisement? Did guests arrive instead at her home? How had the hors d'oeuvres been?

The initial conversation with Lauralei was brief, but weighty. They amiably wrapped up their discussion of classical music when Korlovsky's mention of Spinal Tap

belied his ignorance of the topic. Next, they digested Camus and Fanon, she expressing an admiration of their advocated ends, he of their means; violence, he curiously concluded, was best kept senseless, lest it become too mainstream. She acquiesced that grotesque acts of depravity could, in theory, act as a deterrent for more common and run-of-the-mill varieties.

Truth be told, Karlovsky was taken by her charms, so much so as to initially (but only initially!) miss a few important bits of evidence she inadvertently provided - or rather neglected to conceal. Ms. Hecht, for example, was the heiress to a laundry fortune, and was widely known to be meticulous in the way her clothing was folded. Her brother runs the StarPhoenix and approved the advertisement for the party. Furthermore, she was blunt in her distaste for Mr. Carswell, whom she repeatedly denounced as a pissant unworthy of life, who deserved to be "strangled, and folded tightly in a wad." In fact, each time his name or memory was raised, she spat uncontrollably on her well-polished floor and glared disapprovingly. After the better part of

an hour, this behavior struck our intrepid detective as sufficiently peculiar.

"So you say you had nothing to do with Mr. Carswell's death?

"I never said that. You did. I all but confessed

to you - "

"May I have another glass of that wine?"

"Certainly. Now back to my grizzly murder of Mr. Carswell."

"Must we?" Sputtered the dejected detective.

Once it became abundantly clear that Karlovsky had little hope of seducing the vivacious Ms. Hecht, he returned to his senses and remembered his badge, his duty, and his, err, wife (who, for all her flaws, had never

been implicated in a murder, he thought to himself glumly). The pieces were all falling into place. Korlovsky had done it again. ■

UN "SKIT NITE" AU BÉNÉFICE D'AVOCATS SANS FRONTIÈRES

by Marie-Andrée Larouche et Stéphanie Bachand (Law III)

Le 24 janvier dernier, nous avons eu le plaisir d'assister au spectacle dînatoire au bénéfice d'Avocats sans frontières (ASF) section Québec, à l'occasion de son 5e anniversaire.

Sous la direction artistique de la très célèbre Mouffe et animé par Maître Sébastien Benoît (maintenant animateur de radio et de télévision – comme quoi le droit mène à tout...), juges, avocats et professeurs de droit sont montés sur les planches du Club Soda pour mettre leurs talents musicaux au profit des projets de coopération internationale d'ASF section Québec.

Fier représentant de notre Faculté, le professeur Bachand a troqué ses livres de procédure civile et d'arbitrage pour devenir l'instant d'une soirée le batteur du « OR Band » (« Ogilvy Renault Band », pour ceux qui ne connaissent pas...), offrant une prestation digne du batteur de Metallica – James Hetfield.

La foule enlevée a envahit le plancher de danse sous les rythmes de Sunglasses at Night (Corey Hart), Sweat Dreams (Eurythmics) et bien plus encore... Pour les adeptes de Skit Night / Music Night, vous pouvez vous rassurer: vous aurez encore la chance, une fois

l'université terminée, de danser, chanter ou jouer de la musique au profit de divers événements caritatifs.

ASF section Québec est une organisation non gouvernementale à but non lucratif, qui a pour mission de soutenir la défense des droits des personnes les plus vulnérables dans les pays en voie de développement ou en crise. ASF a déjà réalisé 32 missions dans 9 pays dont la Colombie, le Nigeria et Haïti, où des juristes bénévoles collaborent avec un ou plusieurs partenaires locaux pour mettre en œuvre divers projets.

ASF contribue notamment à acquitter des

personnes menacées de la peine de mort ou de châtiments corporels, à libérer des personnes emprisonnées sans procès, à améliorer les conditions de pratique des avocats et organisations oeuvrant pour la défense des droits de la personne et participe à de nombreuses activités de formation.

Pour en connaître davantage sur ASF et ses projets, devenir membre ou faire un don, visitez leur site Internet au www.asfquebec.org. ■

SAMUEL PINSKY'S DAY OFF

By Stefan Szpajda

The day began promisingly enough, a sure sign that it would take a turn for the worse.

Sitting in my therapist's office (I can't afford an analyst), I suddenly began to question whether or not I had turned off the stove before leaving my apartment. In fact, I couldn't even recall if I'd eaten breakfast. Images of a solitary egg, long since hard boiled, taunted me.

The water would all be gone by now, a devastating fire either tearing through my belongings or about to. At least I won't have to water my plants anymore, I thought. Or feed my cat for that matter.

"What is it today, Sam? Have you thought about what we talked about last time?"

Mary, my therapist, had striking features. Her eyes, blue of course, could have disarmed the most obtuse fanatic of any stripe or persuasion. Her jaw, though perhaps not a focal point of erotic activity, was handsomely shaped and never contained any traces of dribble or soup residue. At least as far

as I could tell, which from my vantage point was unfortunately precious little.

From a woman like Mary, the most asinine comment or observation could sound profound. Certainly, her higher education and work ethic, which was beyond reproach by the way, contributed to this air of success. On the other hand, I wouldn't like so well to unload my problems on a bleary-eyed, chinless man. It takes all kinds...

"The sound of children laughing gives me a horrible rash, and every time a woman looks my way I begin to cough." She nodded along to my lamentations. "It's beginning to wear me out."

"Have you seen a doctor?"

I told her about Amy Weiss, a medical resident I had once been involved with a few months back. She was famous for her acrobatics, but the relationship ended when she couldn't transfer them to the bedroom. Mary repeated her question, this time less ambiguously.

"No, I haven't seen the need. The rash goes away if I suck on a lemon, and women generally tend not to look at me."

I left Mary's office feeling emptier than usual. It turned out I'd forgotten to eat after all, and began to hallucinate. Putting aside grander problems of existence and dermatology, I became obsessed with visions of a dancing muffin, mocking me for my inability to consume its tantalizing flesh.

Every time I tried to bite into it, I began to cluck like a chicken and remove my socks, only to put them on again inside out. I woke up on a park bench an hour later, and swore never to leave the house hungry again.

Rather than risk a real-life encounter with a precocious pastry, I repaired toward the nearest smoothie stand and bought a breakfast cocktail. I grew despondent when I realized the fourteen dollar beverage didn't contain any hooch, but overlooked the matter when the fresh taste of strawberries, mango, blueberry, and - somewhat inexpli-

cably - spicy mustard, flooded my mouth.

It was as though I was performing oral sex on a fruit stand, although the tell-tale bored and vacant stare of the recipient was conspicuously absent. I took note, and swore to myself that my next sexual encounter would involve a blender, and if possible, a pineapple or suitable replacement. Onwards.

Not much planned for today. Bought bread crumbs with the intention of feeding some ducks, but was accosted on the way by a like-minded homeless man. I saw him later, feeding the happy creatures with a fresh baguette. Apparently he'd traded his booty with another member of the homeless community, though I slept through the class on Vagrant Bartering Norms and the Urban Homeless in undergrad. Feeling dejected, I stumbled toward my favorite bookstore, called Alvin's.

Alvin was severely depressed but refused any sort of treatment. He claimed to prefer the timeless solace of a good book, which is why I never understood his penchant for Robert Ludlum paperbacks, nor his peculiar insistence that they be read while running in place ("It's

makes it more real for me this way, Sammy").

Perhaps if he'd pick up a more ambitious title every once in awhile, our conversations could drift beyond the struggle of Man to dismantle the Timebomb.

I perused the store's musty shelves for a few moments, but the sight of all those books depressed me.

Even if I read one each day, my old book club would never take me back. Not after I threatened to expose it as a front for the Luxembourgian mafia. Needing some cheer,

I picked up the first turn-of-the century German classic I could find and headed for the door.

Moments later, planted in the back of a police car, I found myself blaming the uncharacteristic theft on a lapse

in judgment and a rough upbringing in a remorseless society. The officer, who fancied himself a scholar and a humanitarian, let me off with a slap on the wrist and a brief lecture on the bathroom habits of Thomas Mann.

Some friend, Alvin.

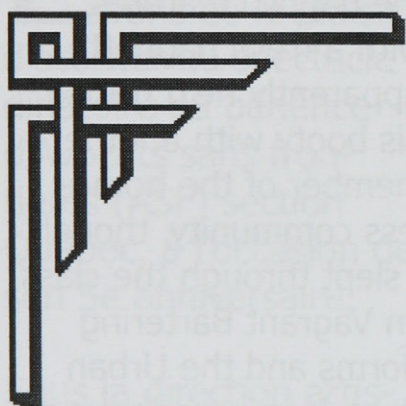
Returning to the ashes that were once my apartment, my heart sank once again. I'd left the stove on after all. It turned out a neighbor

had saved my cat, but its nonperishable food had perished in the fire. Unfortunately, so too did the coupons I'd been saving for cat food.

The latter point prompted my resignation as the homeless man I'd met earlier, who had evidently tired of feeding the ducks, sneaked away with the bored feline, his thumb pressed against his nose, tongue protruding in my direction, fingers flapping wildly in the air.

LAWMERICKS: THE NEW GENERATION

by Stephanie Jones (Law III)



I

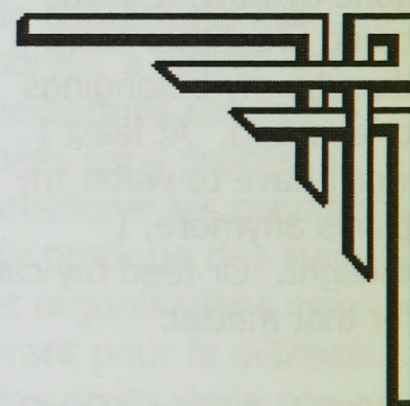
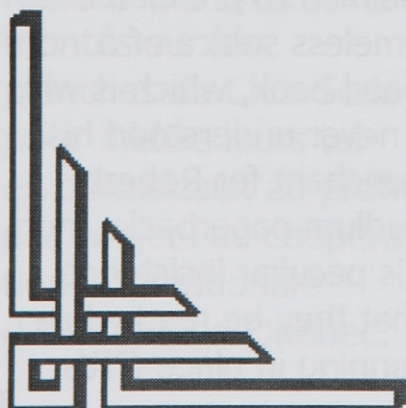
By third year, a certain malaise
Accompanies me at Career Days.

What I most want to ask's
"Why no mugs (and no flasks)?"
But I don't, 'cause I know the strange gaze.

II.

Those second years Exams? They've cracked 'em.
They need something new to distract 'em.

What can revive the fears
And bring back the tears?
If it isn't their grades – non est factum!



DISABILITY AND THE LAW - ANNOUNCEMENT

The Newly Adopted International Convention on the Rights of Persons with Disabilities: Instrument of Change?

Wednesday, February 13, 2008 at 1pm-2:30pm
Moot Court (Rm 100), New Chancellor Day Hall (3644 Peel Street)
Faculty of Law, McGill University

Disability and the Law presents a panel discussion on the recently adopted International Convention on the Rights of Persons with Disabilities. The panelists will address the creation of this major new legal instrument, as well as its promises and implications for the future of persons with disabilities within Canada and internationally.

Interested in this emerging facet of international human rights law? Come to the panel discussion featuring: Prof. Nora Groce (Yale University) & Laurie Sargent (Department of Justice Canada, Human Rights Law Section) Chairperson: Prof. Mégret, McGill Faculty of Law.

This event is brought to you by Disability & the Law. With the help and support of: the Center for Human Rights and Legal Pluralism, the Law Students Association, Students Society of McGill University, the Dean's Discretionary Fund, the McGill Alumni Association and the Office for Students with Disabilities.

e-mail: disability.law@mail.mcgill.ca

La nouvelle Convention internationale sur les droits des personnes handicapées : Instrument de changement?

Mercredi 13 Février 2008, de 13h00 à 14h30
Salle de tribunal-école (Salle 100), New Chancellor Day Hall (3644, rue Peel)
Faculté de droit, Université McGill

Vous êtes cordialement invités à une discussion sur la Convention internationale sur les droits des personnes handicapées, nouvellement adoptée par les Nations Unies. Les participants discuteront de ce nouveau et majeur instrument juridique, de sa création, ainsi que de ses promesses et implications futures au Canada et au niveau international.

Êtes-vous intéressés par cette nouvelle facette du droit international de la personne? Alors venez à cette discussion avec : Prof. Nora Groce (Yale University) et Laurie Sargent (Ministère de la Justice du Canada, Section des droits de la personne) Modérateur: Prof. Mégret, Faculté de droit, Université McGill.

Cet évènement vous est présenté par Les Personnes handicapées & le droit. Avec l'aide et le support de : Centre pour les droits de la personne et le pluralisme juridique, l'Association des Étudiants en Droit, l'Association des étudiants de l'Université McGill, le Fond discrétionnaire du doyen, l'Association des diplômés de McGill et le Bureau des services aux étudiants handicapés.

Courriel : disability.law@mail.mcgill.ca

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